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MUSA AMERICANA

FIRST SERIES

Patriotic Songs in Latin

Set to Popular Melodies

With English Text

By

ANTHONY F. GEYSER, S. J., A. M.

PROFESSOR OF LATIN LITERATURE

CAMPION COLLEGE

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, WISCONSIN

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CHICAGO

DISCARD

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SECOND EDITION
Revised and Enlarged

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FOREWORD

(First Edition)

MUSA AMERICANA, of which this little booklet is the first instalment, is intended by the author to comprise a series of Latin odes and songs on various subjects, partly original and partly translations. Through the kindness of Professor Charles Knapp of Barnard College, New York City, some of these poems have already appeared in the pages of the *Classical Weekly,* of which he is the esteemed and able editor.

The group contained in this little volume is a collection of patriotic songs, which, though not in all cases translations, can still be sung to the familiar melodies indicated in each instance. The *music* for all, except for the song: *Ad Milites e Bello Redeuntes,* may be found in *The Most Popular Songs of Patriotism of All Nations,* published by Messrs. Hinds, Hayden and Eldredge of New York City, from whom the writer has obtained permission to reprint their copyrighted English texts.

The Latin versions of this collection are accentual, thus retaining the exact rhythm of the corresponding English songs. Elisions are *not* to be made in reading or singing, as is done in quantitative verse, except in the few cases where a syllable is enclosed in brackets. Thus in the hymn *Vexillum Stellatum,* verse three, the words "lati clav(i) et" should read "lati clav'et".

It will be seen upon even cursory perusal that a number of the English texts accompanying the songs are not the familiar words we are wont to associate with the melodies of *e. g., America, The Red, White and Blue, Dixie,* etc., but merely translations of the author's original Latin odes which they accompany. In these

instances the popular version has been abandoned, either because Latin versions have already appeared, or because the English poems are incapable of translation into Latin in the original rhythm (as in the case of *Dixie* and others), or, finally, because not correctly adapted in rhythm to the melody to which the words are sung, (as in the case of *America,* the tune of which cannot be naturally sung to dipodal verse).

FOREWORD
(Second Edition)

The principles which guided the author of MUSA AMERICANA in the composition of his Latin songs, have been clearly stated in the Foreword to Series I and II of MUSA AMERICANA. Some of the Songs of Series I have been changed to a certain extent, where such changes were thought to make for greater clearness of expression or to eliminate certain "neologisms." The size of the new booklet is somewhat reduced, and corresponds with the size of other classical publications issued by the Loyola University Press.

The author of MUSA AMERICANA wishes to thank all who have taken an interest in his Latin publications, but, especially, those, who have helped him by counsel, suggestions and criticism. Very special thanks are due to Prof. George Dwight Kellogg of Union College, Schenectady, New York, whose frank and helpful reviews of Series I and II of MUSA AMERICAN may be found in *Classical Weekly* of New York City.

ANTHONY F. GEYSER, S. J., A. M.

Campion College,
Prairie du Chien, Wis.
March 28, 1920.

VEXILLUM STELLATUM

Air: The Star-Spangled Banner

Potestne cerni, profulgente die,
  Salutatum signum circa noctis adventum?
Lati clav(i) et stellae, decertant(e) acie,
  Gloriose cingunt oppidi munimentum!—
    Iaculumque rubens, globus sese rumpens
    Per noctem monstrant vexillum fulgens:—
      Stellatumne vexillum fluitans tegit nos,
      Patriam liberam fortiumque domos?

Vix in ora maris visum per tenebras,
  Hostis ubi castra tacitus collocavit,
Quid est hoc quod ventus, montis per latebras
  Volitans explicat, rursus et complicavit?
    Quum sol eminet, dulce signum ridet,
    Maris mox in puro speculo se videt:
      Stellatum vexillum diu protegat nos,
      Patriam liberam fortiumque domos!

Sic esto semper, manus quum libera
  Arcet a patria belli vastationem!
Triumphante pace patria prospera
  Deum laudet qui nos statuit nationem!
    Nam vincimus nos quando causa iusta (e)st.—
    Haec nostra sit vox: "Deus salus nostra (e)st":
      Stellatum vexillum triumphans teget nos,
      Patriam liberam fortiumque domos!

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Words by Francis Scott Key *Music by* John S. Smith

Oh! say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bomb bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
O say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation!
Blest with vict'ry and peace may the heav'n rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just.
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust,"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

AMERICA

Air: My Country, 'Tis of Thee

Te voce tenera,
Patria libera,
  Efferimus.
Laudes et Praesidis,
Navitae, peditis,
Fortis et equitis
  Conserimus.

Signa purpurea,
Alba, caerulea
  Dant gloriam;
Servorum miseram
Sortem et asperam
Depellunt; liberam
  Dant patriam.

Legibus integris
Animo inseris
  Iustitiam;
Liberis artibus
Provida civibus
Largiris omnibus
  Laetitiam.

Cereris munera
Tellus fert ubera
  In vallibus;
Per cuncta maria
Mox oneraria
Classis cibaria
  Dat gentibus.

AMERICA

Music by Henry Carey

Fondly we herald thee,
Home of sweet liberty,
Our native shore.
Long live our President!
Hail to our armament!
O'er sea and continent
Our praises soar!

Star-spangled banner bright,
Red, white and blue bedight,
Source of our fame;
Thou heal'st our misery,
Crushest hard slavery,
And grantest liberty
In thy sweet name!

Nobly thy laws instil
Justice of mind and will
Deep in our heart;
Kindly thou fosterest
Those arts of all the best,
That to thy children blest
True joy impart.

Our fruitful country yields
From its rich vales and fields
Vast stores of grain;
Soon our grand fleet shall be
Plying o'er ev'ry sea,
Providing bounteously
All lands again.

Quis non creberrime
Dicat tenerrime,
America!
Ut fulgent sidera,
Fulgebis prospera
Per saecula postera,
America!

Who would not oft acclaim
Tenderly thy sweet name,
America!
Bright as the stars on high,
Thou shalt shine far and nigh,
Blest as the years roll by,
America!

AD MILITES E BELLO REDEUNTES

Air: Gaudeamus igitur

Concinamus hodie
Militum honores!
Hostis victa rabie,
Ex cruenta acie
Redeunt victores!

Floreant examinis[1]
Iuvenes pugnaces!
Vivant duces agminis,
Palmas qui certaminis
Nancti sunt sagaces!

Vivant quibus integra
Membra sunt servata;
Laude digni tenera,
Quibus saeva vulnera
Torvo Marte data!

Immortali gloria
Fortes digni erunt,
Qui pro sua patria,
Fide numquam dubia,
Vitam profuderunt!

Orbi pacis munera,
Milites, servastis;
Servitutis onera,
Tyrannorum opera
Orco demandastis.

Vivas, crescas, floreas,
Cohors speciosa!
Stellas pande aureas,
Fer coronas laureas,
Phalanx gloriosa!

[1] *examen*=exercitus, cf. Horace, Odes I. 35, 31.

TO OUR VICTORIOUS SOLDIERS

Come and let us sing to-day
  Praises to our soldiers!
Maddened foes they held at bay;
Now from out the bloody fray
  Home they come as victors.

May they flourish, gallant band,
  Flower of our nation!
Officers whose wise command
Brought great triumph to our land,
  Yours our proud ovation!

May they live whom Heaven's care
  Led unscathed through fire!
Highest praise to those who bear
Glorious scars—a soldier's share—
  Marks of conflict dire!

Worthy of immortal name,—
  Live there heroes braver?—
Who to guard their country's fame,
Never wav'ring in their aim,
  Gave their lives to save her.

Soldiers, ye have won for all
  Gifts of peace and glory;
Freed the world from crushing thrall,
Sent to Orcus' gloomy hall
  Works of tyrants gory.

Health, increase, prosperity
  To thee, band victorious!
Wave thy stars triumphantly,
Wear thy crown of victory,
  Army ever glorious!

REVERTERE!

O, in Hiberniam redi, Dilecta,
Redi, Puella, agr(um) ad patrium;
Vernum Trifolium quaere, Dilecta,
Nostro Killarney, o, da gaudium!
Quum te in Angliam hinc mitteremus,
Memores fuimus vix hiemis,
Vix memores mite siderum decus
Per montes perdere vim luminis!

CHORUS

O, quaere Hiberniam, cara Puella,
Repete agrum iam nunc patrium!
Quaere Hiberniam, cara Puella,
Nostro Killarney o, da gaudium!

Per mare vitreum, Virgo Dilecta,
Candidum velum cum te veheret,
Micuit navis aestate profecta,
Se velut flos undis cum traderet!
Cor scissum est, nubes cum te celaret,
Sicut aulaea[1] cum me pluvia
Visu trans pelagus varum[2] privaret,
Quando fugisti nostrā patriā!

CHORUS

---

[1] *aulaea, orum,* n., curtain; [2] *vārus,* adj., gray (of the sea), Horace.

COME BACK TO ERIN

Words and Music by Claribel

Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen;
Come back, Aroon, to the land of my birth:
Come with the shamrocks and Springtime, Mavourneen,
And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
Sure when we lent you to beautiful England,
Little we thought of the lone winter-days,
Little we thought of the hush of the star-shine
Over the mountain, the bluffs and the brays!

CHORUS

Then come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Come back again to the land of thy birth,
Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth!

Over the green sea, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Long shone the white sail that bore thee away;
Riding the wide sea that fair Summer mornin',
Just like a May-flow'r afloat on the bay.
O, but my heart sank when clouds came between us,
Like a gray curtain rain falling down,
Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the ocean
Far, far away where my Colleen had flown.

CHORUS

COLUMBIA, SALVETO, DILECTA

Air: The Red, White and Blue

Colúmbia, salvéto, dilécta,*
Secura o liberis spes!
Ut luce refulges perfecta,
Perennis fons gaudii es!
Quum armis procedis amicta,
Tyranni subvertitur crux;
Vexilli renidet invicta
Rubr(a), alba, caerulea lux!

CHORUS

Rubr(a), alba, caerulea lux,
Rubr(a), alba, caerulea lux,
Vexilli renidet invicta
Rubr(a), alba, caerulea lux!

Colúmbia, salvéto, amáta!
Quum ardet Mavortia fax,
Et belli furore fugata
Ex orbe dilabitur pax,
Precatur gens omnis afflicta,
Salutis ut properes dux;
Vexilli renidet invicta
Rubr(a), alba, caerulea lux!

CHORUS

Rubr(a), alba, caerulea lux,
Rubr(a), alba, caerulea lux,
Vexilli renidet invicta
Rubr(a), alba, caerulea lux!

*Wherever accents are printed, they are intended as helps to correct *musical* rendition.

COLUMBIA, BELOVED, WE HAIL THEE

Music by T. à Becket

Columbia, beloved, we hail thee!
To freemen a hope ever bright;
Thy glorious rays never fail thee,
Perennial fount of delight!
The gibbet of tyranny crashes,
Whenever thy power stands to view;
Thy banner invincible flashes
In glorious Red, White and Blue!

CHORUS

In glorious Red, White and Blue,
In glorious Red, White and Blue,
Thy banner invincible flashes
In glorious Red, White and Blue!

Columbia, all hail, dearest nation!
When war's lurid torch is ablaze,
And, driv'n by the fierce conflagration,
Peace, hounded, retreats from our gaze,
Then Nations 'neath war's cruel lashes
Seek thee as their guide ever true;
Thy banner invincible flashes
In glorious Red, White and Blue!

CHORUS

In glorious Red, White and Blue,
In glorious Red, White and Blue,
Thy banner invincible flashes
In glorious Red, White and Blue!

SALVE, PATRIA AMATA

Air: Dixie

Te Deus, patria, fundavit,
Campis laetis te donavit:
Amo te, amo te, amo te, patria!
Largitus nomen tibi clarum,
Libertatis fecit Pharum:
Amo te, amo te, amo te, patria!

CHORUS

Salve, patria amata,
Io! Io!
O patria, te recolo,
Te Deus servet volo;
O patria, —o patria amata!
O patria, —o patria amata!

Ut firma turris esses iuris,
Saepsit legibus te puris:
Amo te, amo te, amo te, patria!
Sublatā rixā tam invisā
Fulges una, indivisa:
Amo te, amo te, amo te, patria!

CHORUS

Convalles frugibus renident,
Montium arbusta rident:
Amo te, amo te, amo te, patria!
Te gentes victae concupiscunt;
Nanctae portum reviviscunt:
Amo te, amo te, amo te, patria!

CHORUS

Vexillum tuum speciosum,
Vincens fulget gloriosum:
Amo te, amo te, amo te, patria!
Salveto signum tam benignum,
Libertatis salve signum!
Amo te, amo te, amo te, patria!

CHORUS

HAIL TO THEE, MY DEAREST COUNTRY

Music by Daniel Emmet

Thee, oh my country, God has planted,
Fertile fields to thee He granted:
Ever dear, ever dear, ever dear, country mine!
In glorious titles He arrayed thee,
Freedom's beacon-light He made thee:
Ever dear, ever dear, ever dear, country mine!

CHORUS

Hail to thee, my dearest country,
All hail, all hail!
Oh, country mine, I'm ever thine,
May God preserve my country,
My home, sweet home, —my home, sweet home, my country;
My home, sweet home, —my home, sweet home, my country!

By sacred laws thou art surrounded,
Tow'r of justice firmly grounded:
Ever dear, ever dear, ever dear, country mine!
Through strife intestine safely guided,
One thou standest, undivided:
Ever dear, ever dear, ever dear, country mine!

CHORUS

Thy vales with ripening grain are gleaming,
Wooded hills with laughter beaming:
Ever dear, ever dear, ever dear, country mine!
Thy shores down-trodden men desire,
Reaching port in peace retire;
Ever dear, ever dear, ever dear, country mine!

CHORUS

Thy banner flashes bright and glorious,
Beautiful and e'er victorious;
Ever dear, ever dear, ever dear, country mine!
Then hail, thou emblem of salvation,
Freedom's sign to ev'ry nation,
Ever dear, ever dear, ever dear, country mine!

CHORUS

AGE, CARI COMITES

Air: Marching Through Georgia

Age, cari comites, cantemus carmina!
Resonent ad montium praecelsa culmina,
Resonent per vallium iucunda gramina:
Laeti cantemus, amici!

CHORUS

Io! Io! Musarum munera,
Io! Io! dant corda libera:
Ut pellamus cordibus curarum pondera,
Laeti cantemus, amici!

Avium grex lepidus in altum tollitur;
Cantant sine mora mane sol quum oritur,
Cantant atque vesperi quum dies moritur:
Laeti cantemus, amici!

CHORUS

Pluvias post horridas sol ornat omnia,
Postque tempestates conticescunt maria;
Post labores arduos det lyra gaudia:
Laeti cantemus, amici!

CHORUS

Concinamus Patriae nunc laudem propriam;
Protegit nos legibus adaugens gloriam,
Militumque robore fert ad victoriam:
Laeti cantemus, amici!

CHORUS

MERRILY, MERRILY WE'LL SING, BOYS

Music by H. C. Work

Up, my lads, good fellows all, let's sing a rousing song!
Let the crested mountain-heights the joyous strain prolong,
Let the echoes mightily through verdant valleys throng:
Mérrily, mérrily we'll síng, boys!

CHORUS

Hurrah! Hurrah! the Muses' gift of glee,
Hurrah! Hurrah! it makes us light and free:
Let's dispel all worry, boys, let's chase all misery:
Mérrily, mérrily we'll síng, boys!

Cheerily the warbling troops soar high into the air;
When at dawn the sun peeps out, they chant sweet music there;
When at dusk the day is spent, they pipe their evening prayer:
Mérrily, mérrily we'll síng, boys!

CHORUS

After gloomy rains the sun lines ev'ry cloud with fire,
After blust'ring hurricanes the angry waves retire;
After hours of toil we'll wake to joyful strains the lyre:
Mérrily, mérrily we'll síng, boys!

CHORUS

Come, with never-ending praise let's sing our country's fame;
She who shields us with her laws and glorifies our name;
She whose valiant soldier-boys no foe yet put to shame:
Mérrily, mérrily we'll síng, boys!

CHORUS

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REI PUBLICAE PAEAN MILITARIS

Air: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah

Vidi óculis, ut Déus fulgidús incéderét;
Mox vindémiam concúlcans uvas írā conterét,
Liberávit fulgur énsis celeris quo nos terrét:
Procédit Véritás:

CHORUS
Glória, glória! Alleluia! Glória, glória! Alleluia!
Glória, glória! Alleluia! Procédit Véritas!

Vidi Dóminum castrorum centum cínctum ignibús;
Aram pósuere Déo vespertínis róribús;
Lego iústam Dei légem luridís lampadibús:
Est díes Dóminí!

CHORUS: Glória.....Est díes Dómini!

Tubā cécinit quae númquam ad recéptum personát;
Corda lustrat hominúm quos iudicándos advocát;
Cito, ánima, respónde, pes dum laétus advolát:
Procédit Dóminús!

CHORUS: Glória.....Procedit Dominus!

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC*

Words by J. W. Howe *Music by* W. Steffe

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored!
He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible, swift sword;
His Truth is marching on!

CHORUS

Glory, glory! Hallelujah! Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
Glory, glory! Hallelujah! His Truth is marching on!

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on!

CHORUS: Glory.....His day is marching on!

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on!

CHORUS: Glory.....Our God is marching on!

---

*Used by permission of Hinds, Hayden and Eldredge, Inc., New York, *The Most Popular Songs of Patriotism,* p. 26, Ed. 1916.

Deus líliis refúlgens ultra máre natus ést;
Christi púritate nóster animús sacratus ést;
Moriámur Deo, nóbis dire quí necatus ést:
Procédit Dóminús!

CHORUS

Glória, glória! Alleluia! Glória, glória! Alleluia!
Glória, glória! Alleluia! Procedit Dominus!

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea;
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free!

While God is marching on!

CHORUS

Glory, glory! Hallelujah! Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
Glory, glory! Hallelujah! While God is marching on!

PATRIA MEA

Air: Killarney

Patriae cacumina,
Prata, valles, nemora,
Fontes lenes, flumina
Laeta cantant pectora;
Deus dat lautitias
Terrae cūivis prosperae;
Summas at divitias
Terrae nostrae liberae.

CHORUS
Libertatis gratia
Cara mihi patria,
Terra gloriosa,
Libera, formosa!

Ubi sol exoritur
Et Atlanticum gemit,
Ubi sol emoritur
Et Pacificum fremit,
Lacuumque pectora
Sol inaurat gloria,
Ad Austrīna litora
Libera stat patria.

CHORUS
Libertatis gratia
Cara mihi patria,
Terra gloriosa,
Libera, formosa!

MY COUNTRY

Of our country's vales and hills,
Forests dark and meadows gay,
Roaring streams and whisp'ring rills
Gladsome hearts shall sing to-day;
God pours forth with lavish hand
Gifts on ev'ry country blest;
Still upon our free-born land
Of all treasures pours the best.

CHORUS

For thy gift of liberty
Thou art ever dear to me,
Fair and glorious nation,
Freedom's firm foundation!

Where the sun gleams forth at morn,
And Atlantic surges roar,
Where his last faint rays adorn
Calm Pacific's fruitful shore,
From the Great Lakes' dancing waves,
Glist'ning in the golden light,
To the shores the Gulf-stream laves,
Free Columbia rules with might!

CHORUS

For thy gift of liberty
Thou art ever dear to me,
Fair and glorious nation,
Freedom's firm foundation!

ANTE PUGNAM, MATER MEA

Air: Just Before the Battle, Mother

Ante pugnam, Mater mea,
Plurimum te recolo,
Quum in campo vigil hostes
Acri cerno oculo;
Fortes qui recumbunt, domos
Revocant et Numina:
Nam quósdam scíunt novi solis
Non visuros lumina.

CHORUS

Vale, Mater, numquam forte
Brachiis constringes me!
Sed, ó meménto mei, Mater,
Si occīdar hodie!

Audio stridorem tubae,
Ad certamen provocat;
Deus protegat nos, Mater,
Iustum semper elevat.
Audi "Libertatis Cantum";
Clamor nubes penetrat:
O! sígna túeamur armis,
Aut nos letum auferat.

CHORUS

Vale, Mater, numquam forte
Brachiis constringes me!
Sed, ó meménto mei, Mater,
Si occīdar hodie!

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER

Just before the battle, Mother,
I am thinking most of you;
While upon the fields we're watching,
With the enemy in view;
Comrades brave are round me lying,
Filled with thoughts of home and God;
For well they know that on the morrow
Some will sleep beneath the sod:

CHORUS

Farewell, Mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again!
But, oh, you'll not forget me, Mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain!

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight;
Now may God protect us, Mother,
As He ever does the right.
Hear the "Battle-Cry of Freedom",
How it swells upon the air,
Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there.

CHORUS

Farewell, Mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again!
But, oh, you'll not forget me, Mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain!

AD ARMA

Air: Hurrah for Our Banner

Ad arma! ad arma! Tubarum vox stridet!
Sumite arma! Vexillum renidet!
Libertas quum vocat, non licet morari,
Hostes sint milies plures quam nos!
Liberum, liberum non perit aevum;
Libera signa triumphum dant laetum;
Liberae mentes non possunt domari:
Deo iuvante ovabimus nos!

CHORUS

Saluto vexilla, saluto vexilla,
Saluto vexilla, quae liberant nos!

Ad arma! ad arma! Quam liberi gaudent!
Pereant pravi qui cedere audent!
Libertas, quae vocat per montes et prata,
Ducit vexillo in proelia nos!
Arma! ad arma! Tubarum vox stridet,
Tympana fremunt, vexillum renidet!
Agmina firma procurrunt parata:
Dei pro lege confligimus nos!

CHORUS

Saluto vexilla, saluto vexilla,
Saluto vexilla, quae liberant nos!

HURRAH FOR OUR BANNER*

Words by A. R. Robinson. *Music by* Carl Wilhelm.

All forward to battle the trumpets are crying;
Forward, all forward our flag is flying.
When Liberty calls us we linger no longer,
Foemen come on though a thousand to one.
Liberty, Liberty, deathless and glorious,
Under thy banner thy sons are victorious,
Free souls are valiant and strong arms are stronger,
God shall go with us and battles be won!

CHORUS

Hurrah for our banner, Hurrah for our banner,
Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free!

All forward to conquer where free hearts are beating,
Death to the coward who dreams of retreating!
When liberty calls us from mountain and valley,
Waving her banner she leads in the fight.
Forward, all forward the trumpets are crying,
Drums beat to arms and our old flag is flying;
Stout hearts and strong hands around it shall rally,
Forward to battle for God and the right!

CHORUS

Hurrah for our banner, Hurrah for our banner,
Hurrah for our banner, the flag of the free!

*Used by permission of Hinds, Hayden and Eldredge, Inc., New York, *The Most Popular Songs of Patriotism of All Nations,* page 11. Ed. 1916.

O COLUMBIA, FELIX ES

Air: Hail Columbia

O Colúmbia, félix es!
Tér salvéte, mílites!
Ut líbertátis vívat léx,
Cruórem fúndis, sácer grex!
Quum Mártis fúgit saéva vis,
Cum páce céssit váfra lis;
Libértas, vestra glória,
Est cónditá victória!
O, grátus sím ob prétium,
Ex áris súrgat praémium!

CHORUS

Fórtes símus, mílites,
Líbertátis cómites!
Sí ut frátres érimus,
Pácis sérta gérimus.

Fórtes víri súrgite,
Pátriám deféndite!
Ne hóstis mánu ímpia
Invádat pénetrália,
In quíbusést ut práemium
Cruóris nóstri prétium;
Dum iústam pácem prómimus,
Per vós et Déum fídimus
Et vera iura vincere
Et servitutem fugeré!

CHORUS

Fámae túbā cánite,
Guásintónī pándite
Encómiá, quae pénetrent

HAIL, COLUMBIA, HAPPY LAND!

Words by Joseph Hopkinson *Music by* J. Fayles

Hail, Columbia, happy land,
Hail ye heroes, heav'n-born band!
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won;
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altars reach the skies.

CHORUS

Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more,
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize!
While off'ring peace, sincere and just,
In heav'n we place a manly trust
That Truth and Justice will prevail
And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.

CHORUS

Sound, sound the trump of fame,
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the earth with loud applause,

Per órbem, átque ímpetrent,
Ut quaévis térra gaúdeat,
Se liberare audeat!—
In páce cíves díligens;
In béllo méntes érigens,
Est aéquā lance nóster dux,
Est vérae pácis mítis lux!

CHORUS

Dúx, qui nóbis ímperat,
Nós deféndens próperat.
Est rúpes quám procéllae vis
Oppúgnat saévis fúriis;—
Armátus cúm virtúte sit,
Per vós et Coélum fírmus fit.
Cum mála sórs spém démeret,
Colúmbiám nox prémeret,
"Aut mórtem," áit, "pérferam
Aut térram réddam líberam!"

CHORUS

Ring through the earth with loud applause;
Let ev'ry clime to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady pow'r,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guards with ease
The happier times of honest peace.

CHORUS

Behold the Chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.

CHORUS

VATES IUVENIS

Air: The Minstrel Boy

Perréxit vates in proelium,
  Puer "Mortis Turmam" quaerit;
Et pátris induit gladium,
  Trucem térgo lyram gerit;
"O Cárminum," ait, "Regio,
  Si orbis temet prodet,
Te teget unus pugio,
  Te fída lyra colet;"

En, vátes ruit; at Spiritum
  Domant haúd catenae dirae;
Non dédit cithara sonitum,
  Puer chórdas fregit lyrae;
"Non féres vincula misera,
  Amóris donum forte,
Tu córda cantas libera,
  Sed sérvi cares sorte!"

THE MINSTREL BOY

Words by Thomas Moore

The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of Death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of Song," said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell! But the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder,
And said: "No chain shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and brav'ry,
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slav'ry!"

PATER, IMPLORO TE

Pater, imploro Te!
Machinae bellicae consonuerunt,
Flammei gladii promicuerunt:
Dux proeliorum, invoco Te,
Pater, o deduc me!

Pater, o deduc me!
Duc me, sit mors, sit palma parata!
Deus, agnosco Tua mandata;
Pater, ut placet, sic deduc me!
Pater, agnosco Te!

Pater, agnosco Te!
Placido sonitu vel foliorum,
Saevo tonitruo vel proeliorum,
Fons Gratiarum, noveram Te!
Pater, confirma me!

Pater, confirma me!
In manus Tuas me trado, quum vocas;
Tu potes tollere vitam quam donas;
Vitae vel morti consecra me!
Pater, collaudo Te!

Pater, collaudo Te!
Non pro terrestribus bonis pugnamus,
Res sacratissimas ense servamus;
Vincens aut victus veneror Te!
Pater, en, trado me!

Pater, en, trado me!
Mortis tonitrua in me si ruent,
Venae apertae si sanguine fluent,
Tibi, o Pater, committam me!
Pater, imploro Te!

THE BATTLE PRAYER

Words by Th. Koerner *Translated by* Jos. P. Melchiors, S. J.

Father, I cry to Thee!
Round me the cannon are roaring and crashing,
Sabers like lightning are gleaming and flashing.
Ruler of Battles, I call on Thee,
Father, oh, lead Thou me!

Father, oh, lead Thou me!
Be it to death or to Victory's Portals:
God, I acknowledge Thy mandates to mortals;
As is Thy pleasure, so lead Thou me,
God, I acknowledge Thee!

God, I acknowledge Thee!
'Mid the soft music of Autumn leaves' prattle,
Or 'mid the clangor and thunder of battle,
Fountain of Graces, I heeded Thee!
Father, oh, strengthen me!

Father, oh, strengthen me!
Into Thy arms, at Thy call, I'll surrender,
Life is a gift which to Thee I must tender;
In life or in death, oh, consecrate me!
Father, be praise to Thee!

Father, be praise to Thee!
Not for earth's blessings our weapons are wielded,
What is most holy, with falchion is shielded:
Victor or vanquished, I honor Thee!
Father, I offer me!

Father, I offer me!
When the dread thunders of Death shall come speeding,
When I am weak and my arteries bleeding,
To Thee, oh Father, I offer me,
Father, I cry to Thee!

PATRIA

"Libertatis Vox" scandit laetius,
Qua Vexillum surgit altius;
Ubi "Sider(a) et Clavi" fluitant,
Aquilae per nubes volitant:

CHORUS

Ibi terra est pulchra, optima;
Mea (e)st illa cara Patria;
Illa terra est pulchra, optima;
Mea (e)st illa cara Patria!

Ubi ínsident* silvae collibus,
Trepidis faventes fontibus;
Ubi décorant vallem segetes
Iuxta rivos semper hospites:—

CHORUS

Pueritiae ubi somnia
In diei crescunt lumina;
Qua Vexillum man(e) et vesperi
Cives venerantur liberi:—

CHORUS

*"*insident*", cf. Hor. Epod. 3, 15—siderum insedit vapor/siticulosae Apuliae.

MY NATIVE LAND

Air: Old Swiss Song. *Words by* J. A. Kiefer, S. J.

Where sweet freedom's Song, ringing bold and clear,
Soars aloft to hail our flag so dear;
Where the Stars and Stripes ever wave on high,
And our Eagle proudly greets the sky:

CHORUS

There's a beauteous land, 'tis the fairest land!
'Tis my own, my dear, my Native Land!
Ah! this beauteous land, 'tis the fairest land!
'Tis my own, my dear, my Native Land!

Where old forests reign on the lofty hills,
Fondly shielding all their rippling rills;
Where on rolling plains bounteous harvests grow
By the mighty streams that smoothly flow:

CHORUS

Where life's golden morn with its dreams so bright
Glided on to noontide's fairer light;
Where at dawn and eve we rejoice to see
Our bright flag still waving o'er the free:

CHORUS

HIBERNIA, PARS COELI PARVULA

Num audistis, qui Hibernia nomen suum duxerit?*
Vobis dicam ut discatis und(e) Hibernia venerit;
Non est mirum collaudari transmarinam Insulam:
Bona quippe mater senex hanc narravit fabulam:—

Coeli, inquit, pars tenella olim stellis decidit;
In oceani remoto latere† recubuit.
Et ab Angelis reperta visa (e)st amoenissima:
"Hîc linquamus hanc," clamarunt, "terra (e)st suavisima!"
Siderum fuderunt micas ut Trifolia crescerent,—
(Alibi qui quaerunt illa, certe non invenient,)—
Argent(o) ornaverunt, dárent lacubus ut gloriam,
Pulchram terram; sic perfectam nominant Hiberniam!

Prisca Nymphis terra (e)st cara, mira virtus rivulis;
Dei viridem per orbem non hos lacus videris.
Iure Angelis placebant litorum Trifolia;—
Parvula (e)st pars coeli semper carior Hibernia!

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*"nomen duxerit," cf. Hor. Carm. 3, 27, 76: tua sectus orbis nomina ducet.

†"latere," cf. Hor. Carm. 1, 22, 19.—quod latus mundi.

A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN

Shure They Call It Ireland

Poem by J. Keirn Brennan *Music by* Ernest R. Ball

Have you ever heard the story of how Ireland got its name?
I'll tell you so you'll understand from whence old Ireland came;
No wonder that we're proud of that dear land across the sea,
For here's the way me dear old mother told the tale to me:

Shure, a little bit of Heaven fell from out the sky one day,
And nestled on the ocean in a spot so far away;
And when the Angels found it, shure it looked so sweet and fair,
They said, "Suppose we leave it, for it looks so peaceful there":
So they sprinkled it with star dust just to make the Shamrocks grow,
'Tis the only place you find them, no matter where you go;
Then they dotted it with silver, to make its lakes so grand,
And when they had it finished, shure they called it Ireland.

'Tis a dear old land of fairies and of won'rous wishing wells,
And no where else on God's green earth have they such lakes and dells!
No wonder that the Angels loved its Shamrock-bordered shore,
'Tis a little bit of Heaven, and I love it more and more.

TRIFOLIUM PARVUM

Nostra Insula fert teneram plantulam,—
  Hanc Sanctus Patritius sevit,—
Sol risit intuitus hanc operam,
  Rore florem rigare consuevit.

CHORUS

Per stagna, per vepres, per uda vagatur,
  "Hibernorum Trifolium Parvum" vocatur;
Trifolium dulce, Trifolium clarum,
  Hiberniae, salve, Trifolium carum!

Planta cara in Insula nunc viridat,
  Ut Hiberniae filia floret,
Oculorum quae risu cor omn(e) alligat,
  Ubicunque terrarum appáret.

CHORUS

Satus parvulus flos Viridi Insulā
  Tria folia parva extendit;
Unitos, ut stirpe, vult nos opera,
  Dum Hibernus Hibernum defendit.

CHORUS

DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK

Words and Music by Cherry

There's a dear little plant that grows in our Isle,
'Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it;
And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eye often wet it.

CHORUS

It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake and the mireland,
And he called it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland,
The dear little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock,
The dear little sweet little Shamrock of Ireland!

That dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin;
Whose smiles can bewitch and whose eyes can command,
In each climate they ever appear in.

CHORUS

That dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended;
Denotes from the stalk we together should toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended.

CHORUS

VIATORIS CONSOLATIO

Quum alauda avolat,
  Agros messis decorat,
Quum pruina candida
  Mane tingit gramina,
Quid, o cor, me crucias,
  Triste dum hoc nuntias:
"Ire hinc oportet te!"
  Quid, o cor, quid torques me?

Tace, cor! Quid quereris?
  Maerens quid opprimeris?
Quamvis non iam liceat
  Esse ubi libeat,
Tamen, cor, quieveris,
  Tibi si persuaseris:
"Quamquam nunc disceditur,
  Domum mox redibitur!"

THE WAYFARER'S SOLACE

Air: When the Swallows Homeward Fly

When the soaring sky-lark leaves,
    When the fields are rich with sheaves,
When at morn each tender blade
    Glists, with silv'ry hoar-frost sprayed,
Why, my heart, dost give me pain
    With thy woful cruel strain:
"Far to journey thou art bound!"—
    Why, my heart, this madding sound?

Peace, my heart! Why dost thou mourn?
    Why by sorrows art thou torn?
Though I can no longer bide,
    Where for e'er I love to hide,
Yet, my heart, peace will be thine,
    To this thought if thou resign:
"Far afield though bound to roam,
    Soon, oh, soon, I'll journey home!"

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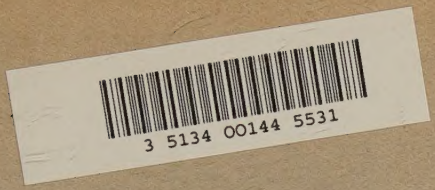

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